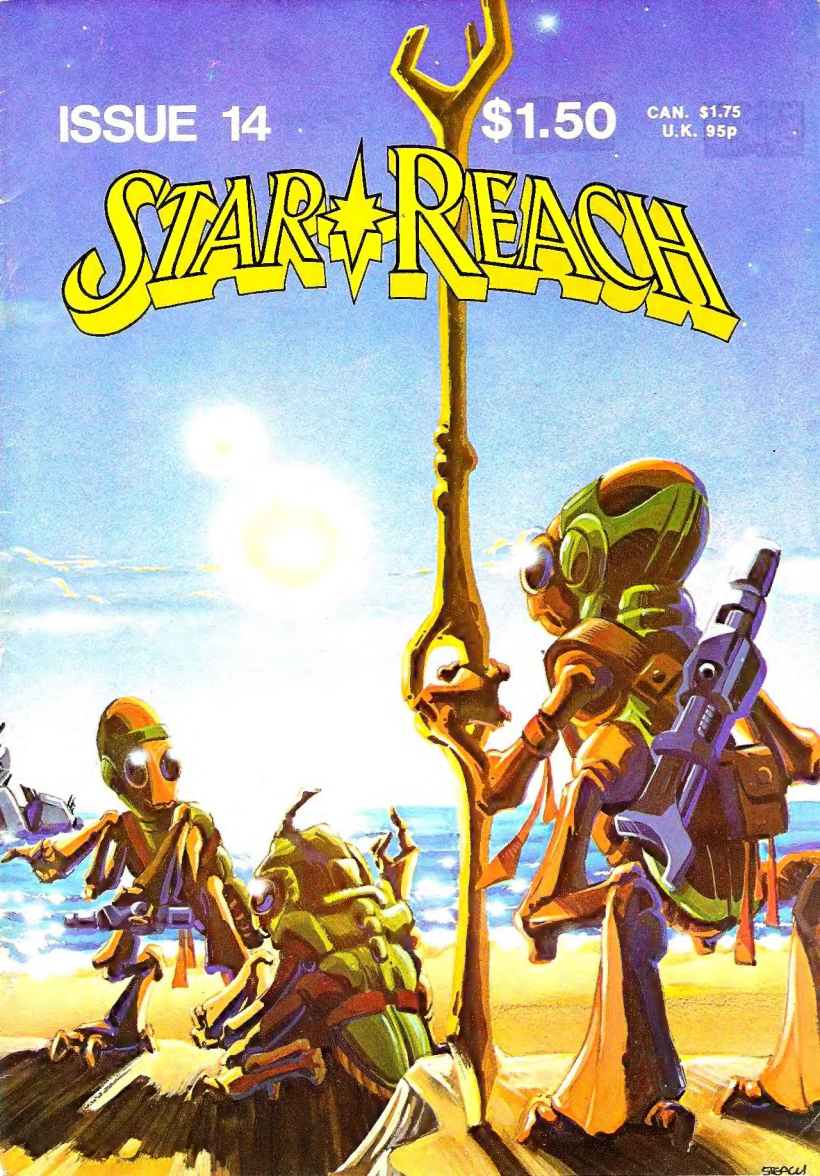


ISSUE 14

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STAR REACH





17 July 1978
Berkeley, CA

Please note our new address. We've moved out of the basement into a "real" warehouse, turning slowly respectable. Something gained, something lost.

I'm really excited by Lee Marrs' "Stark's Quest" strip this issue. Her combination of graphics and story is her best ever in STAR*REACH. She appears to be hitting her stride in the dramatic vein. Hopefully the future will provide even more improvement.

Gray Lyda's imagination continues unleashed in "Tempus Fugit", assisted this time by scripter Christy Marx. Hope you enjoy it as much as I do.

And of course Ken Steacy has contributed his colorful "parallellog" to the "Sacred and the Profane" series. He continues to maintain that each new job he submits is his "best." So far he hasn't let me down in that regard.

But these are all MY opinions. I'm opening up the inside back cover for YOUR ideas. You'd be amazed how much weight I give to intelligent mail in my ongoing editorial outlook. I started off my comics career way back when trying to change editor's minds thru my letters. I can't turn around now and ignore similar input.

Back before Christmas, I hope. See you then.

Phil Friedrich

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TEMPUS FUGIT

"GENESIS REVISITED" (CONTINUED)

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Tempus Fugit has sent yet another expedition into the Past.

Eight investigators journey to the Time and Region of Mankind's supposed origins, led by Ultra Tatum who is a silver, six-fingered representative of a highly evolved species of humanity.

Tatum remains with the ship, maintaining constant communication with the two-member teams that fly off in all four directions searching for Man's earliest ancestors...

Richard and Marlu Linc have chanced upon a group of itinerant ape-people.

Concealed, they watch a strange floating sphere create modern implements for the pre-human band...

THAT SPHERE MUST BE A PSEUDO-LIFE-FORM, SWEETHEART-- IT OBVIOUSLY HAS SOME SORT OF SYMBIOTIC RELATIONSHIP WITH THESE PEOPLE.

Ok, YOU CAN'T REALLY KNOW, DEAR. IT MIGHT BE SOMETHING EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL--AN ALIEN FROM THE STARS BRINGING ENLIGHTENMENT TO A PROMISING PLANET...

IF SO, THAT "ALIEN" MADE A FIRST STOP IN A MODERN-DAY DEPARTMENT STORE... Yeow!

BLIP Actually, Mr. Linc, the nearest source of such items is your own minds.

KLIK OUR MINDS? THEN WE'VE PROVIDED THESE GIFTS? THE SPHERE HAS TAPPED OUR MINDS TO GIVE THESE PEOPLE A CULTURAL BOOST? PLUNK

A very negligible "boost," I'd say. It's unlikely that this single incident will have a lasting effect.

HUMMM TZZT-BLIK!

BUT CONSIDER, UL'TATUM --IF IT'S REPEATED FOR SEVERAL GENERATIONS, THEN SOMETHING WOULD COME OF IT.

WE COULD TEACH APES TO BE HUMAN...

NOW, NOW, SWEETKINS-- DON'T GIVE WAY TO A MESSIANIC COMPLEX.

Goood?

Poi!

OOPS!

OH Hi!

H'LO

SHHHH

QUIET! or they might HEAR you!

(Later!)

WEST:

Last time, Tamara Malone and Lamina Tuttle discovered a bevy of girl-folk on the shores of a lake. Lamina infiltrated the girls' ranks, strangely acquired a tail, and proceeded to indulge in a dream-like reality. She was eventually left alone on the beach while Tamara, in the gathering boredom, continued surveillance from a cliff-top tree. Then....

LAMINA!
BEHIND
YOU!!

SSNIIRK

OH!

What is it,
Malone?

TATUM, A TERRIFIC
TROGLDYTE ATOP
A TALL TORTOISE
JUST TRUNDLED
THUNDEROUSLY TO-
WARD TUTTLE...

Would you please
repeat that?

YOU KIDDING? HEY,
THE DUDE'S ADVANCING,
TATUM-- HE'S UGLIER
THAN A DEFORMED TOAD--
BUT KNOWING LAMMY,
SHE'LL PROBABLY GO
FOR IT...

WRO!

YEP! OUR TRICKY TUTTLE
TORRIDLY TURNED TAIL TO
THAT TRIUMPHANT TURTLE-
TROTTER, TATUM. A TRULY
TITILLATING TREAT TO TAKE
INTO TUTTLE'S TEMPTING,
TASTY, TAWDRY--

Terminate it,
Tamara! That is
quite sufficient...

KEEP
B-B-B

Now listen carefully.
I've decided to recall all teams,
effective immediately.
Get Tuttle back and return
to the "Genesis" at once...

Is that
thoroughly
understood,
Ms. Malone?

GOTCHA,
UL' TATUM, IT'LL
BE TOUCH-AND-
GO, BUT I
THINK I CAN
MANAGE...

NORTH

... AND THE **HIGHEST**, MOST EXALTED
TRUTH WHICH HAS ELUDED MANKIND FOR
EONS CAN BE STATED IN **THESE** SIMPLE
WORDS, --

Attracted by peculiarities in a dormant volcano, Montgomery Lesnah and Eliot Valdez investigate a network of tunnels within the mountain. There, they find God.

As we resume, God is about to reveal a Great Profundity....



IRREEEEEEEE MY ME!
IRREEEEEEEE WHAT'S THAT?



IT'S THE **EMERGENCY
RECALL SIGNAL** FROM OUR
VEHICLE. I'M SORRY, LORD,
BUT WE REALLY MUST
GET GOING.

IRREEEEEEEE
IRREEEEEEEE

NO, NO! DON'T GO
YET! I **DO** CARE
ABOUT THE PLIGHT
OF MY CHILDREN--
I **DO**--

HERE, TAKE THIS!
ANYONE WHO DRINKS
OF THIS AMBROSIA--
JUST A SIP! -- WILL BECOME
A **DIVINE, IMMORTAL**
BEING, FULL OF **LOVE,**
WISDOM, PURITY, AND
CHARISMA.

TAKE IT **BACK** WITH YOU. EVEN
ONE SUCH PERSON COULD LEAD THE
WORLD OUT OF **MADNESS AND DARKNESS!**

GEE, THANKS A GREAT DEAL. THIS
IS **REALLY NICE!** WE'LL SEE YOU
LATER, OKAY? IT WAS A WONDER-
FUL EXPERIENCE TO MEET MY

MAKER AND
I'M **SORRY**
WE HAVE
TO **RUSH**
LIKE
THIS...



COME AGAIN, WON'T
YOU? IT GETS VERY
LONELY UP HERE.
COME BACK **NEXT WEEK**
LIKE I TOLD YOU. I HOPE
YOU DO, I **TRULY** DO.
BLESS YOUR SOUL, MY
CHILD, AND **YOURS** TOO!
BLESS **BOTH** YOUR LITTLE

SOULS, MY CHILDREN... LOVE...



EAST

What has gone before--Neli Jegg and Guthrie Addison find a garden paradise inhabited by asexual people. A talking serpent captures Neli and Guth.... We continue now to find Neli demanding answers....

Er... WHO ARE YOU? AND WHO ARE THESE... uh... PEOPLE?

HISSSSSSS
I AM THE GARDEN GUARDIAN, AND THESSSS ARE THE MEN OF EARTH, AND THE WOMEN OF LIFE! YESSS, YESSSS!

"EARTH," "LIFE"-- IN OLD HEBREW, THAT'S "ADAM AND EVE"! THEN IT'S TRUE! THIS IS EDEN, AND YOU'RE THE--

IRREEEE
IRREEEE
THERE GOES THE RECALL SIGNAL, NELI. WE'VE GOTTA SPLIT!

AH, NOOOO!
HISSSS -- YOU MUSSSSN'T SSSSSSPLIT! QUITE THE CONTRARY, YESSSS!

GHASP!

LEGGO, SNAKE!!

K
A
R
A
M

IRREEEE
IRREEEE

RUN!

GUTH, DO YOU REALIZE WHAT YOU'VE JUST DONE!? THIS COULD HAVE FAR-REACHING CONSEQUENCES!

SCOUT

I have ordered an Emergency Recall to all parties, Mr. Linc. Return to home base, please.

WE WILL COMPLY, TATUM.

GOOD! THIS WAS BEGINNING TO BECOME TEDIOUS.



DARLING, IF WE COULD JUST TAKE THAT SPHERE BACK WITH US TO TEMPIS FUGIT--

AWK!

DAMN DESKY FLIES! SWAT!

HONEY! THE MAGIC BALL! IT'S COMING THIS WAY!



HEY, MARLU! I JUST HAD A FUNNY THOUGHT... hee hee...

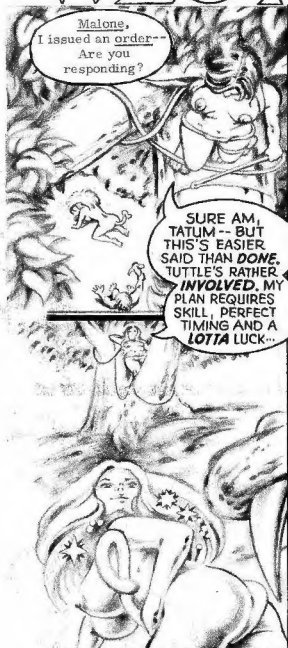
SO WHAT!? WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE!



HA HO kek
HEE HYUCK
YUCK
HA ha!

STOP LAUGHING! ARE YOU DERANGED? WE'VE GOT TO... GET TO... THE FLOATER! Gasp! GOTTA MAKE IT BACK TO THE SHIP!

WEST:



...PLEASE TRY TO UNDERSTAND, DEAREST. THAT SPHERE WAS DRAWN TO US WHEN I THOUGHT OF BRINGING IT TO TEMPUS FUGIT. THEN IT ACTED ON A COMICAL MENTAL IMAGE THAT OCCURRED TO ME: "TEMPUS FUGIT" IS LATIN FOR "TIME FLIES".

A QUARTER AFTER NOON

TWELVE O'CLOCK!

NOON! Noon-Thirty

SO THE SPHERE PRODUCED A SWARM OF TIME FLIES! IT WAS MERELY A STUPID JOKE...

A CARDIAC ARREST IS REAL AMUSING, RICHIE!

WE MET GOD. HE GAVE US AN ENCHANTED BOTTLE...

GUTH JUST SHOT THE HELL OUTTA THE DEVIL!

At last--Malone and Tuttle have arrived. Now that we're all together again...

...here is a brief bit of Ultra-Knowledge, friends:

There is a species of life called "Tertium Quid" that exists on the borderline between Matter and Energy. This species has a low-level, short-term form of intelligence and is remarkably sensitive to brain-wave signals...

TerQuid also has the ability to mimic Reality through manipulation of the local atmosphere.

You, colleagues, have provided TerQuid with a new gimmick to mimic--the Fantasy worlds of the "civilized mind".

T.Q. used its capricious talents to give substance to your hopes and expectations...and your acceptance of the illusions reinforced their "reality".

As the new race of Mankind develops, T.Q. will have its influence on History.

Gods and Demons, Vision and Miracles, Magic and ESP-- These things are sometimes created within us, like our nightly dreams... and sometimes they can become real...

...If we give too much power to such Fantasy-creations, there is Danger. T.Q. thrives on insanity and delights in causing it...

WELL, I'M NOT CRAZY--AND THIS BOTTLE IS REAL! oops!

BETTER TURN THAT THING LOOSE, MONTY --IT'S ALIVE!

Quiet the
Turmoil within, SILENCE
the Tempest of your
Mind--yield not to
Negative Forces...

SHE STANDS
in OUR WAY!!
SHE IS THE
VOID,
SHE IS
RUIN!

WE MUST
REMOVE
HER!

REMOVE
HER!!

Relinquish
control, Nemesis.
You CANNOT
prevail!

7.22TTTAAAZZPPP

EEYAA... KKK-ZRN
Sooo - You would KILL
for Advantage?! Is it a
BATTLE you seek? I must
INSIST -- GO!

We KNOW you for what you are!
Your GASH leaves no SCAR--
Our WILLS are FREE,
so you may BEGONE!
So you need not RAGE ON...



CEASE and DESIST
BEGONE, we INSIST!
Don't bother to stay and wait.
It is we who shall decide our Fate!

AAHHHHH HAAYEEEEEE...
WE!
NOT THEREEEEEEEEEE



WHA' HAPPENED?

THE CLOUD'S GONE--
BUT TATUM IS...
MELTING!

UL' TATE,
ARE YOU
HURT?

I am transcending Verbalization
Rising **BEYOND** your Communication,
Soon to undergo **ULTRA**-Activation.

THIS CONFLICT HAS ACTI-
VATED HER FULL POWERS!
TATUM IS ENTERING THE
NEXT PLATEAU IN
HUMAN EVOLUTION!

SHE HAS ALWAYS
BEEN A STEP HIGHER--
NOW SHE'S **WAKING
UP**-- COMING OUT OF
HIBERNATION!

SOON, HER CONSCIOUS-
NESS WILL BE **ABOVE**
NORMAL REALITY. SHE'LL
BE TOO **HIGH** TO BOTHER
WITH US. GOODBYE, ULTRA...

BUT **SHE'S**
THE ONLY ONE
WHO CAN RUN
THE **GENESIS!**

TATUM,
QUICKLY--
TAKE US
BACK TO
OUR
TIME!

Be perceptive,
don't distort.
There exists
no Further Port...
We're in a State
of High Transition...
This is the **END**
of our Expedition....

WHAT'S SHE
TRYING TO SAY?

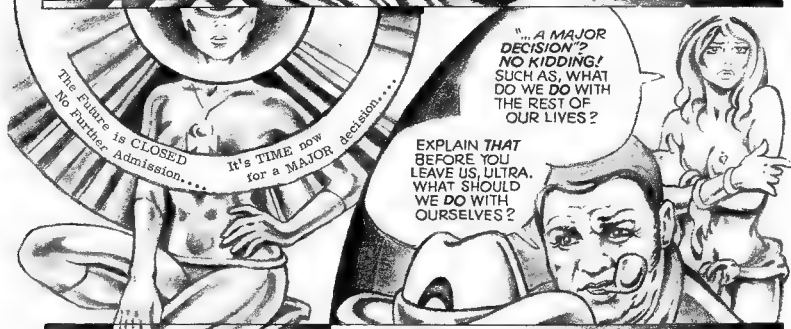
SHE SAID
WE'RE **STUCK**
HERE--WE
CAN'T GO
HOME!

WHAT? THERE'S
NO WAY BACK?
THAT CAN'T
BE TRUE!

THERE **MUST**
BE SOMETHING
WE CAN DO...

Hother NO!" with
wasteful Resistance.

There can be NO return
to your FORMER existence.



The Future is CLOSED
No further Admission...

It's TIME now
for a MAJOR decision...

"...A MAJOR
DECISION"?
NO KIDDING!
SUCH AS, WHAT
DO WE DO WITH
THE REST OF
OUR LIVES?

EXPLAIN THAT
BEFORE YOU
LEAVE US, ULTRA.
WHAT SHOULD
WE DO WITH
OURSELVES?

Act without Action, do and do not
Innocent and Simple, the way cannot be bought.
Wild Excitement, hunting and the chase
destroy Tranquility; use a steadier pace....

LOOK! HUNDREDS OF
PEOPLE ARE COMING...



THEY'RE
NOT ILLUSIONS
EITHER--
ARE THEY?

THESE ARE OUR
ANCESTORS--
OUR "GIGA-GREAT"
GRANDPARENTS...

Be Unselfish
in Power,
Never cause Regret--
Guide and Guard
the People,
but claim no debt.

Quiet ENVY
in the People,
for they are
your Breed...
Give no High Value
to sources of Greed.

OUR BREED?

TATUM! YOU'RE
NOT ACTUALLY
SUGGESTING
THAT--?!

IS SHE TELLING
US HOW TO
SHAPE THE
EMERGING
SPECIES OF
MANKIND?

Empty out Ambition--
Desire is just Delay.

End
Jealousy
in the People.
Never
Tempt with Display.

HEY, WE'RE NOT
GODS-- WE DIDN'T
EXPECT THIS WHEN
WE SIGNED UP--!

ULTRA, CAN WE
TEACH MANKIND
TO BE HUMAN?
CAN WE ACCEPT
THE
RESPONSIBILITY?

Can You accept
the RESPONSIBILITY?

What can we Do but...
WAIT and SEE?

CAN YOU be Refining,
as MELTING ICE at Rest?

...Fulfilled as a
Youthful Mother's BREAST--?

CAN YOU be Sincere,
as the Uncarved Block?
...as Receptive as the IDOL LOCK?

CAN YOU Rule the Breed
with Wisdom as YOUR THRONE
... then Release the GATES
and remain UNKNOWN?

CAN YOU Act Without Fear,
Not to Wrong inclined?

.... Royal in
with CALL

Thought
and Open
Mind
Can you?

BUT HOW WILL
WE SURVIVE?
FOR HOW LONG?

WILL IT BE
A STRUGGLE?
WILL WE DIE?

ONCE WE LEARN
TO CONTROL THE
TERTIUM QUID,
I THINK WE'LL
BE QUITE
COMFORTABLE.

Endure without NEED
USE without GREED

Those who want Earth
to Serve their Will

Never do succeed;
Vanity's their only Skill....

See with INNER SIGHT
SEEK the TRUE and RIGHT

This world is Sacred
WRONG the Reaching
Arm...

Those who grasp, fail
Those who tamper, only harm....

SHE MUST BE
BURNING UP!
I CAN FEEL
THE HEAT!

TATUM IS
ON HER WAY...



WELL, TATUM HAS GONE **ELSEWHERE** BUT WE'RE STILL HERE...

WITH A WHOLE LOT TO DO BEFORE WE'RE THROUGH--

GEE, AN ENTIRE INTELLIGENT SPECIES TO GET STARTED. I HOPE WE DON'T PUT THEM ON THE WRONG TRACK.

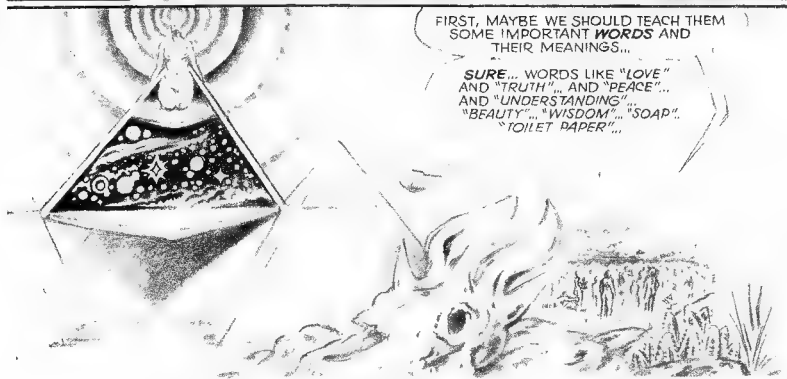


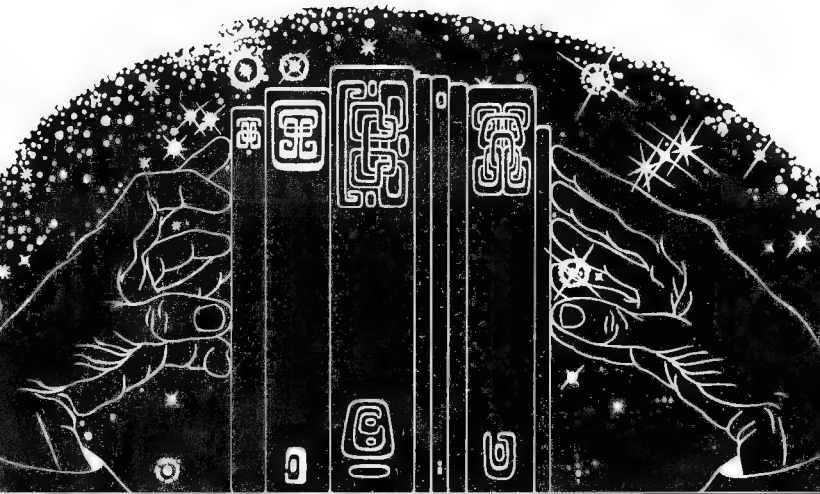
THIS ISN'T JUST AN EXPEDITION-- NOW IT'S A **MISSION!**



FIRST, MAYBE WE SHOULD TEACH THEM SOME IMPORTANT **WORDS** AND THEIR MEANINGS...

SURE... WORDS LIKE "LOVE" AND "TRUTH"... AND "PEACE"... AND "UNDERSTANDING"... "BEAUTY"... "WISDOM"... "SOAP"... "TOILET PAPER"...





For a span of three million years,
the growing race of humanity
lived in gentle harmony with its environment.
No more was taken than was needed--
More was put back than taken...
And the Race grew....

At some point,
the breed's quality control took a sharp decline--
within a scant few thousand years,
the planet became their poorly-managed property...
And the Race grew larger....

Realization came quickly--
Awareness was even slower...
The breed looked to the past for solace,
and winced at the foreboding future.
The Loom of Doom became the dread preoccupation of the masses...
And still the race grew....

"Time was is past--thou canst not it recall.
Time is, thou hast--employ the portion small.
Time future is not--and may never be.
Time present is the only time for thee."

TO BE CONTINUED

Bill Clinton has no trading
financial property, says

Tom H. R. Gunning's
empty daily transactions
are the only thing he has
in his life. He has no other
assets and no other income
but simply lives on his own
money that he has made.



Majority of Clinton's
income is from

his father. He has been
earning all around and
has been in the same
business for 10 years. He has
been in the same business
for 10 years. He has been
in the same business for 10
years. He has been in the
same business for 10 years.

What's next to come?

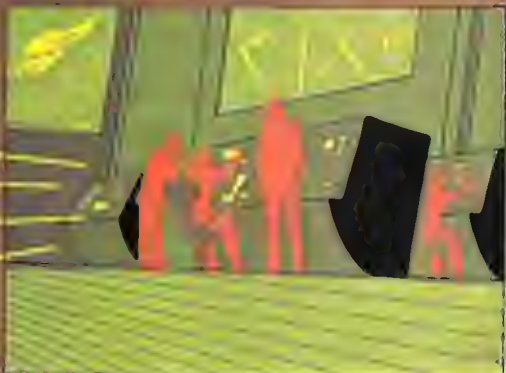


Clinton's father

Clinton's father

Clinton's father

Clinton's father



Saturday, January 8th, 2055—
Simultaneous recording/transmission as follows ... Cardinal McGivern reporting;

Today began holding the promise of nothing extraordinary, as it has for these last nine months. I arose, performed my ablutions, and headed for the sanctuary to prepare for tomorrow's mass. I went about my duties almost mechanically, the toll of my solitude was beginning to tell on me. The stillness of the morning was strangely disturbed somehow, by an odd atmospheric report, a sensation which proved to be that which heralded an incredible event; *the arrival into this desolate situation of an alien vessel, populated with inhuman creatures*

I watched, transfixed, as their craft settled on the shore not a thousand meters from the Mission. They descended from their ship and surveyed the unfortunate remains of *St. Marks* with the same rapt interest as I observed them. The joy I experienced defies description, indeed, I feared for my failing heart, it beat with such vigor. Hurriedly, I donned my surplice and with crook in hand I clambered down to welcome them.





I must admit to a slight shock, however well informed I was as to the possible forms extraterrestrial life might assume, at their appearance. Vaguely like a crustacean of some sort, bipedal and upright, arrayed in strange trappings, ornaments and instruments. I admit I was at something of a loss to determine where the being ended and the attire began!

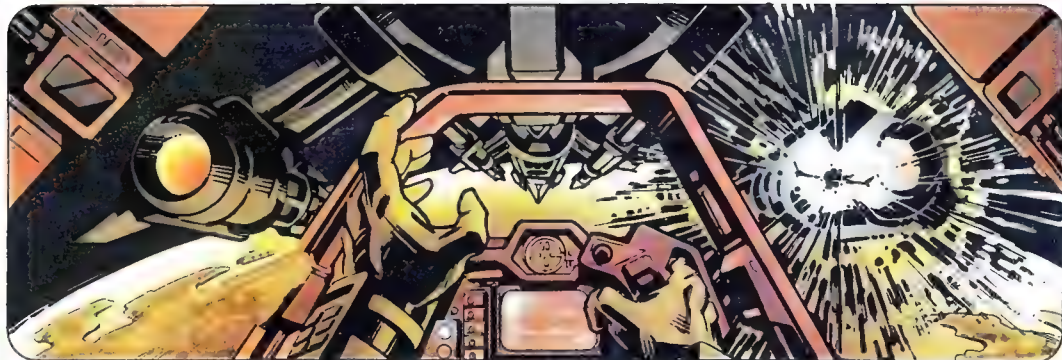
A party of three, consisting of one in command and two subordinates, accompanied me back to the sanctuary. My desire was to make them comfortable, but I was at a complete loss as to how to offer them either seating or refreshment. They arranged themselves to their own fashion and watched intently as I struggled to set up their translating device so we could converse freely. I managed to do so with the aid of a computer terminal tied into the linguistics banks which interpreted their language (a sort of mime embellished with clicking their extremities) and displayed it in more easily recognizable symbols. This analog system functioned in reverse for the Aliens' benefit.



With this hurdle passed (and I acknowledge the guilt of pride in this accomplishment —) I proceeded to deliver a grand oratory wherein I described the events that had brought me to this juncture in time and space: the accident which cost us our ship and forced our untimely arrival here; the subsequent exodus from the Mission in search of more hospitable climes, a quest which seems increasingly futile; this silica and glycerine laden soil is hardly conducive to our way of agriculture. The atmosphere is amenable, how ever, thank God for small mercies. I mentioned my decision to remain with the Mission along with my advisor, Charles Denham. I paused then and told how he had met his end in a fall while attempting to re-

pair the antennae by which these transmissions are sent. That is, as suming they *are* being sent. Nonetheless, that was over five months ago. I apologised to my guests for the state of disrepair about, but the maintenance of other than my chamber and the sanctuary was quite beyond my resources now.

They wanted more information relative to the intrinsic reason for my presence here. I therefore attempted to convey to them the purpose of this Mission and what an integral part they played in the scenario. I outlined the Mission profile (making brief reference to our sister ship *St Catherine's*, which we mysteriously lost contact with shortly before our crash.)



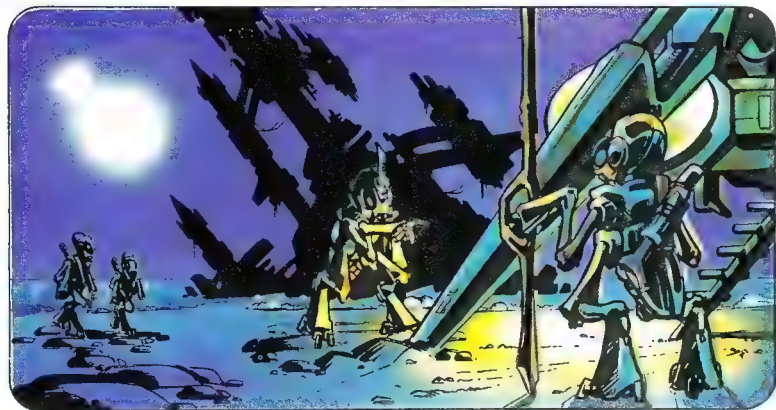


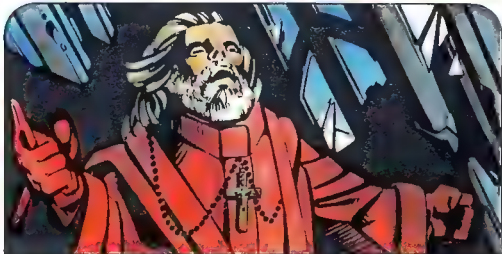
I then mounted an ornate sermon bolstered by references to The Bible, particularly stressing Our Saviour's instructions to his disciples, to become fishers of men, to communicate the faith to all those who would hear and join in the heavenly chorus praising God Almighty and His Works, of which these strange creatures are most surely a part. That is indeed our purpose, our sole intent, to be the vehicle by which all cognitive life forms may achieve salvation through the grace of our Lord, Jesus Christ. To in effect reciprocate to His mission to Earth and continue His doctrine.

They queried me as to whether or not our entire planet embraced the concepts of the Church. I replied by telling them that no, not all mankind had seen the light, although those who had heard and not responded to the call would be held accountable. To ensure the felicity of the faithful, I related to them the fate of those who did not heed the call, and continued with their contrived, pagan rituals. The Central American culture of the Aztecs being a case in point: their ignorance of The Word brought their very civilization to perdition, to extinction.

My guests became curiously agitated at this point, and wished to return to their ship to discuss these things amongst themselves. (I had noted that they seemed to be becoming increasingly uncomfortable as time passed, perhaps the unfamiliar surroundings?) Before they left, I beseeched them that they give due consideration to my offer of redemption and become part of the corporate body of Christ, also that they assist us in our struggle to survive this forbidding landscape. We would be their saviours in matters spiritual, and they would become ours in matters mundane.

End transmission.





January 9th, addendum to previous . . . transmission . . .

It is finished. What was, by all external appearances, the fulfillment of this Mission's purpose is its termination. Those arrogant beings returned . . . returned to pass judgment on us. Not as individuals mind, but as agents of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. And therein lies the damnable truth. Were we not a crusade but merely an explorational probe they would have welcomed us as friends.

They view us in a peculiar light, you see. We have been deemed guilty of an abstract sort of intrusion. They regard us as an *infestation*, a sociological disease which their system cannot assimilate, or even tolerate the presence of. They felt our intent was too volatile a risk to hazard infecting their social structure. They have no dieties, no religion or comparable belief system other than the maintenance of their present state of affairs.

And hence, they refuse to aid us. **They have condemned us to extinction** . . . those who would save their unholy souls. I flew into a just rage, I extolled the virtues of those they refused to succour, then threatened them with the wrath of the Lord, warning of the consequences of their insolent behavior and empirical attitude. I evicted them from this place.

They were our sole hope, we are without advocate now. There is no recourse other than faith in the Lord. That alone has sustained me these last months and now . . . I just can't rely . . . oh, God! *What hate we wrought?* We have failed, we are betrayed.

Almighty Father, make known thy presence! I am alone! I am lost! I am murdered by these foul monsters! Oh, Christ . . . I can't . . .



First before a show program
on the Continent at

the London Theatre in
the morning. There was a
rehearsal.



The night of the premiere

He didn't feel like he was
at the premiere

It's just going down





...HE'S MY
LIFEMATE!



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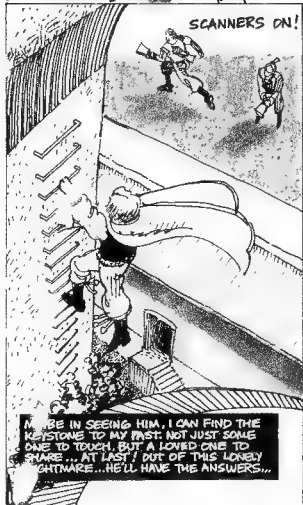
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arrest sector cougar physicist center
5/9/3 prof flutist/skier
age 20 hgt 16 wt 74 aura w e yzi ff 1m
abode orange level 798-sector owl
mated 4/7/6 1128 stark issue none
prevorr kidnap

I RECOGNIZE HIM FROM MY FILES ... NOTHING JARS IN MY MEMORY,
THOUGH. BUT THAT IS THE FACE IN THE FILE. MY LIFEMATE IS A
HANDYMAN ?!! ANYWAY... THIS IS PERFECT. HE IS THE ONE WHO
WOULD KNOW ME BEST! SOMEONE I LOVED... WHO LOVES ME...

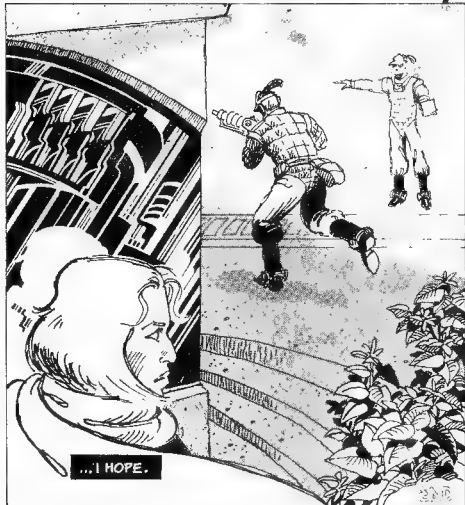
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SCANNERS ON!



IN BEING SEEING HIM, I CAN FIND THE
KEYSTONE TO MY PAST. NOT JUST SOME
ONE TO TOUCH, BUT A LOVED ONE TO
SHARE... AT LAST! OUT OF THIS LONELY
NIGHTMARE... HE'LL HAVE THE ANSWERS...



...I HOPE.

TO BE CONTINUED

NOW!



**LOOK
OUT!**

DOWN DOWN DIRECT YES!



**HEART PUMPING FAST FAST..
THE PAIN... VIOLENT... HEAD
THROBBING... FEEL SO COLD...**

**CLIMB OVER!!
THEY'RE
GETTING AWAY!
GO AROUND!!**



**SHAKY ALL OVER..
BETTER GET OUT..**

THEY'RE GONE!!



**WAIT! DOWN THERE...
THAT HANDYMAN IS..**



A COWARD! SAVING MY OWN SKIN... LETTING FEAR PARALYZE ME... DOMINATE MY ACTIONS... DAMMIT! I'VE LET DOWN NEST TRADITIONS...



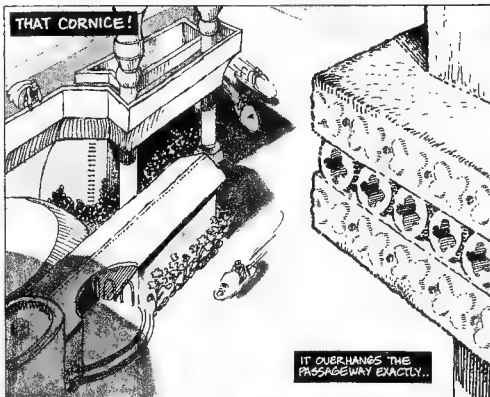
YES! THAT'S RIGHT! WE WERE ALL... TAUGHT TO TAKE MORE RESPONSIBILITY. OUR ABILITIES MUST BE USED IN CAREFUL MEASURE... STAND UP TO...

IT'S THEM! FROM THE CENTER!!



THE HANDY MEN ARE HERDING THEM BACK TO SECTORDORE. SOME MUST BE WARPERS... FELLOWS... CHILDREN, TOO...

THIS IS IT! FATE GIVES ME A SECOND CHANCE! WHAT CAN I DO TO FREE THEM... AND NOT GET CAUGHT... HMM...

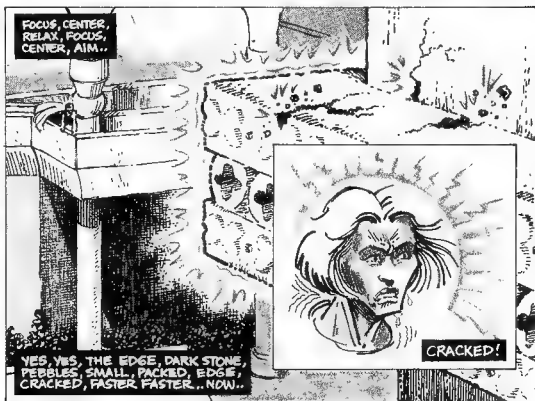


THAT CORNICE!

IT OVERHANGES THE PASSAGEWAY EXACTLY...



I MUST TIME THIS PERFECTLY. I MAY NOT HAVE THE STRENGTH... COULD BURST CRUCIAL NERVES...



FOCUS, CENTER, RELAX, FOCUS, CENTER, AIM...

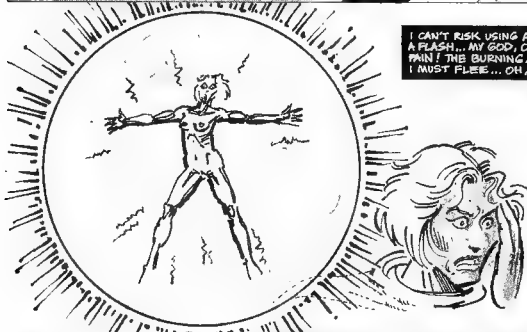
YES, YES, THE EDGE, DARK STONE, PEBBLES, SMALL, PACKED, EDGE, CRACKED, FASTER FASTER... NOW...



CRACKED!



NO, LEVEN!
OVER THERE—
THE DOOR! SAVE
YOURSELF!



I CAN'T RISK USING ANY FORCES... CAUGHT IN
A FLASH... MY GOD, CAN'T GO BACK TO THAT
PAIN! THE BURNING... EVERY VEIN ON FIRE
I MUST FLEE... OH, TWEN'... IF ONLY...



NO ONE FOLLOWING... OTHERS CAUGHT, RUNNING AWAY...
LEAVING THEM ALL TO... NO, CAN'T THINK OF THAT, NO.
FUSING MAKES CERTAIN THE TRAIL ENDS RIGHT HERE.



SO, I'M SAFE... NO ONE WILL TELL I
WAS THERE... CAN KEEP MY JOB, AND,
LIVE WITH MY COWARDICE... A FOOL,
RUNNING OUT... DESERTING TWEN'...
LEAVING HIM TO FACE... WHAT DOES
HAPPEN TO NORMALS' ARRESTED?

WE JUST MISSED THE FRONTRUNNER, FONE. SHE'S THE INCUMBENT COUNCIL'S PAWN. OUR CANDIDATE, RAVEN, HAS BEEN DOING WELL IN THE OUTER SECTORS. HE'LL PERFORM NEXT. THAT'S KATAC THERE - A FRINGE REP, NO REAL CONTENDER, BUT AN EXCELLENT GYMNAST. GOOD STAMINA, BUT HIS ATTUNE QUOTIENT HAS ALWAYS Fallen SHORT OF 500 PER CENT. TOO BAD WE'VE SPLIT THE VOTES - THERE ARE SO MANY IN THE RACE, WE'VE BOUND TO HAVE A RUN-OFF.

HEY, KATAC! YOUR POLICY PROPOSAL OF ENERGY TAXATION CUTS REALLY STINKS! ISN'T IT TRUE THAT IF THE SOLAR...

FONE, YOUR PERFORMANCE WAS FAWNINGLY APT.

MUCH LATER

HERE - THIS CABBAGE LEAF IS DELICIOUS, WELL, THE GRAFIS WERE BETTER LAST YEAR. I'M NOT SO SURE I LIKE THE HUGE INFUX OF PEOPLE... YOU SHOULD COME ANOTHER YEAR TO GET A BETTER FEEL OF IT.

OH, NO! IT SEEMS QUITE DELIGHTFUL. I'M GLAD TO BE ABLE TO GET AN OVERVIEW OF ALL THOSE UP FOR THE COUNCIL SEAT.

FOR A DARK HORSE AND A WARKER LOVER, TALAN IS DOING QUITE WELL. SHE SERVED OUT JORGAS' REMAINING TERM WITH INSIGHT & SKILL. BUT THE SOCIETY ISN'T READY FOR SUCH WARKER SYMPATHY...

AND WE ALL HAVE LET FEAR RULE OUR LIVES TOO LONG! WE SHOULD NOW CHANNEL THAT ENERGY TO BUILD AN OPEN SOCIETY! THOSE WHO ARE DIFFERENT ARE NOT NECESSARILY A THREAT TO...

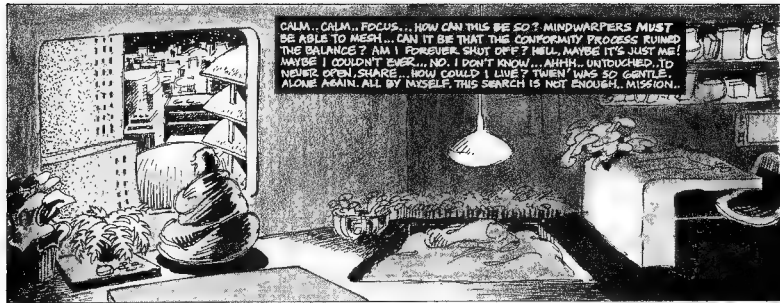
WAIT... AN AURA. I FEEL A FORCE.

IT'S A MINDWARKER! EMANATING A SCAN OF VIBRATIONS... WHO.

HALT WHERE YOU STAND!!

HANDYMEN!

A MINDSCANNER!



CALM... CALM... FOCUS... HOW CAN THIS BE SO? MINDWARPERS MUST BE ABLE TO MESH... CAN IT BE THAT THE CONFORMITY PROCESS RUINED THE BALANCE? AM I FOREVER SHUT OFF? HELL, MAYBE IT'S JUST ME! MAYBE I COULDN'T EVER... NO, I DON'T KNOW... AH!... UNTOUCHED, TO NEVER GRIEVE, HOW COULD I LIVE? THEN I WAS SO GENTLE ALONE AGAIN, ALL BY MYSELF, THIS SEARCH IS NOT ENOUGH, MISSION...



THE NEXT MORNING

BUZZZZ



TWEN'! YOU'RE BACK! LOOK, I'M SORRY ABOUT...

HARMONY, HARMONY! RELAX, YOU HAVE YOUR REASONS. I LIKE YOU. WE'LL BE FRIENDS, CHECK? NOW, LET'S SUIT, UP FOR FOUNDER'S DAY AT THE CENTER. IT'S A PARTY! WE'LL DRESS AND GO LAUGH AT THE CANDIDATE SILLIES! FRIENDS, CHECK?



CHECK.

AHH, A FRIEND, I DON'T RECEIVE IMAGES AT THIS DISTANCE, A PAL TO TALK WITH...



IF... AND IF I AM ELECTED, I PROMISE STAY OUT OF CITY, LEAVE EVERYTHING ALONE, TRA LAH LAH... GIVE AWAY MY EXTRA CREDITS TO ANY GNOME OVER 1 METER WIDE, BOOLA BOOLA...

HEY, YOU GOT MY VOTE!



THE BIGGEST CROWD EVER! WE INVITED ALL OF THOSE RUNNING TO COME AND PERFORM. USUALLY, THE INNERCRO FOUNDERS DAY FETE IS A SMALL FESTIVAL... WHAT JOY! LAUGHTER, COME ON...

SO... WHY DO I FEEL SO UNEASY?

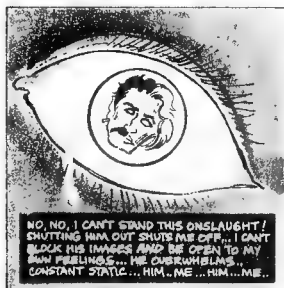


...CAN'T HOLD...

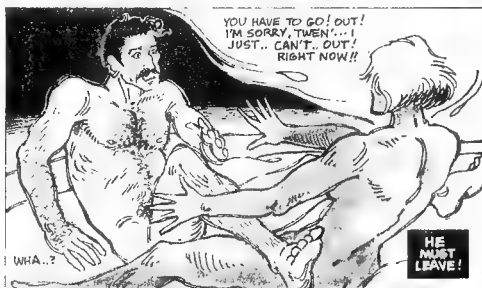


THROBBING... SLIDING...
WARMER WARMER... CLOSE...
NOT WITH ME... GIVE TIME...
SLOWER... EASE OFF... RIM
SO SOFT... SLOWER... SOFT...
EYES SO GREEN... SLOWER...
WARM... TIGHTER... HOLD
OFF... AWAY... EASY... EASY...
HOLD SOFTLY... TIME... GIVE
TIME... WARM... WHERE IS SHE?
SOFT... WHERE... TIGHTER TIGHTER

I CAN'T BLOCK HIM OUT!



NO, NO, I CAN'T STAND THIS ONSLAUGHT!
SHUTTING HIM OUT SHUTS ME OFF... I CAN'T
BLOCK HIS IMAGES AND BE OPEN TO MY
OWN FEELINGS... HE OVERUMBLES...
CONSTANT STATIC... HIM... ME... HIM... ME...



YOU HAVE TO GO! OUT!
I'M SORRY, TWEN'... I
JUST... CAN'T... OUT!
RIGHT NOW!!

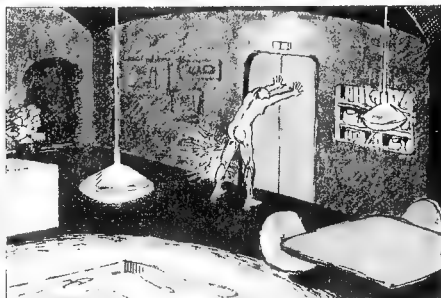
WHA...?

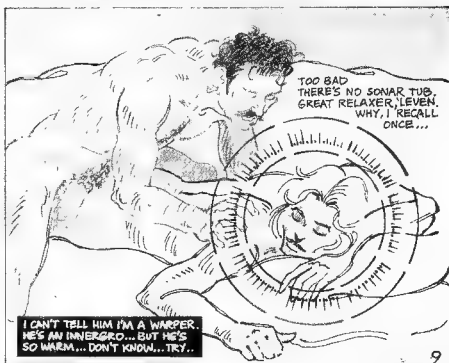
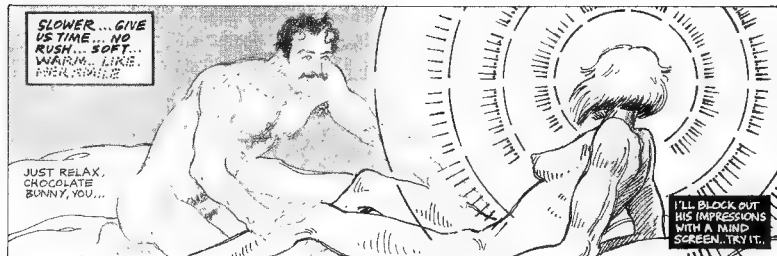
HE
MUST
LEAVE!



BUT, EVEN...
WE DON'T HAVE
TO MESH...
CAN'T I STAY
AND WE CAN
CUDDLE... I
DON'T REALLY
UNDERSTAND
WHY

NO! OUT!
PLEASE!!





HMMN... SHE'S
SO WARM...
SOFT...SMOOTH

WHAT?!!

FLOWING, AS
SHE BREATHES
CLOSER, THE
PEBBLY NUBS
OF NIPPLES..

OH, NO! I'M
RECEIVING
HIS THOUGHTS!

CLOSER, YES, DEEPER,
MUSCLES UNDER SOFT...
DAMP... YES, AND DOWN
FUR... RIPPLES UNDER,
MOVING, SO LIGHT YES

MY GOD! I'M
SO OPEN TO
HIM THAT I'M
GETTING HIS
IMAGES, TOO!

FASTER... AND..
TENSENESS...
TIGHT... AWAY...
WHAT?

WHAT'S
WRONG?

OH... WELL... I'VE
BEEN ALONE TOO
LONG... A LITTLE
RUSTY, I GUESS.

I CAN'T TAKE THIS
OVERLOAD OF
RESPONSES - HIS
AND MINE... LIKE
A BOMBARDMENT -
A TOTAL INVASION -
OVERWHELMING





AM, THEN, I HAD SEEN THE RUINED CITY ON VIEWERS, BUT I NEVER REALIZED HOW CLOSE IT WAS. AMAZING TO THINK THAT WARPERS WERE ONCE HUNTED IN THOSE STREETS LIKE ANIMALS... AFTER THE HOLOCAUST, WHAT DESOLATE MAGNIFICENCE! A BLEAK REMINDER OF YESTERDAY'S HATRED... YOUR INNERBRO CHILDREN SHOULD SEE THIS — AS PROOF OF WHAT BIGOTRY CAN BRING ...

WELL, THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT: THIS IS A SIGNPOST FOR HOW FAR WE'VE COME TOWARD TOLERANCE. NO MATTER HOW BAD LIFE MAY SEEM TO WARPERS LOVERS NOW — LOOK AT THE HELL IT ONCE WAS! A LOT OF STRIDES HAVE BEEN MADE UNDER THE DROUGHT SAVIOURS' CONTROL. THE QUALITY OF EXISTENCE CAN ONLY IMPROVE IF WE STICK WITH THAT GANG.



YOU SHOULDN'T EVEN HEAR ABOUT MINDWARPERS! THAT CANDIDATE IS A **WARPERS LOVER!** SHE WANTS THE LAWS CHANGED IN THEIR FAVOR! RUBBISH!! ANY KINDNESS TOWARD WARPERS WILL ONLY BRING THE **DESTRUCTION OF ALL NORMALS!** THEY WILL KILL ALL OF US... **KILL ALL OF US...** IF THEY ARE GIVEN ANY RIGHTS, DON'T BE FOOLED BY THIS WOMAN'S CALM MANNER, SHE IS REALLY...

IT'S MENTOR LORESE.



HE GETS A BIT RABID AT TIMES... BUT WE'RE USED TO IT BY NOW.

I WOULD THINK, BJOR, THAT HE WOULD BE SEEN AS A THREAT TO THE CHILDREN... SUCH INTENSE HATRED SHOULD NEVER BE IGNORED.



INSPECTOR STARK, PLEASE DON'T JUDGE A FANATIC OLD MAN AS... UH... WELL, WE MEANT ALL VIOLENT MATTERS. I WAS BORN AND RAISED AN INNERGRO, BUT KNOW THAT KILLING WARPERS ONLY BRINGS... DEATH.

HMM... WHY DON'T WE DISCUSS IT, OVER DINNER?

THE CLOSENESS OF THE INNERGROS APPEALS TO ME, THEN, ALTHOUGH I'D NEVER BE A CONVERT. WHAT DISTRESSES ME IS THE NARROW BIGOTRY, THE **ONLY-WAY-IS-OUR-WAY** ATTITUDE. YOUR SEVERE OPPOSITION TO THE PRO-WARPER CANDIDATE — EVEN TO THE POINT OF PHYSICAL VIOLENCE — SEEMS COUNTER TO YOUR TENETS OF... UH... HARMONY WITH THE COSMOS. IF YOU FEEL THAT ONENESS ONLY COMES WITH WILL, POWER AND CONCENTRATION, HOW CAN YOU DISTORT THAT ENERGY INTO **VIOLENT DESTRUCTION?**

HIS EYES DANCE SO... ORANGE FLECKS IN THE BROWN... BRIGHT



WELL, I'M NOT HAPPY WITH SOME OF THE MORE DRAMATIC TACTICS MYSELF... BUT INNERGROS' RESPONSE LATELY IS MORE A MATTER OF **POLITICAL REALITY** THAN RELIGIOUS OR PHILOSOPHICAL CONVICTION. TOLERANCE IS ONE THING, BUT **LOSING POWER** IS ANOTHER. WE DON'T WANT WARPERS LOVERS TO **CONTROL THE COUNCIL SECTOR CORE!**

I AGREE THAT NORMALS' CONTROL HASN'T ALWAYS BEEN PERFECT, BUT TOSsing OUT ALL THOSE EXPERIENCED ISN'T A SOLUTION. I'M FOR A SLOW, GRADUAL CHANGE, NOT REVOLUTION.

HOWEVER, I MUST ADMIT THAT YOUR EYES SO GREEN ARE WORKING A VIOLENT CHANGE IN MY HEART BEAT. 'LEVEN, YOU ARE **LOVELY...**



OF THE OTHER CANDIDATES, I CAN'T BE SURE. WE NEED A FAIR ONE, A JUST AND OPEN-MINDED MEMBER.

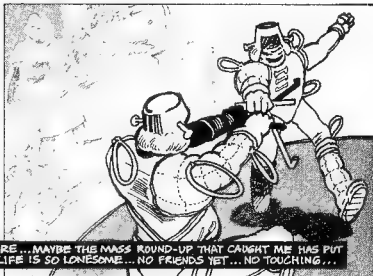
HE'S AN INNERGRO... AN ENEMY, BUT HE HAS WORTH, CONVICTIONS... SO GOOD TO TALK... I LIKE HIM...



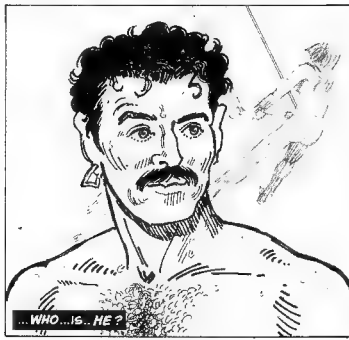
TWEN, SLOW DOWN, WHERE THE HELL ARE WE GOING?

TO A FAVORITE "THINK" PLACE OF MINE. A PERFECT SITE FOR CREATIVE WONDERING... AH, MARVELOUS! THE RAIN IS JUST LETTING UP. SOON THE MOON WILL SMILE UPON US.

I LIKE HIM A LOT.



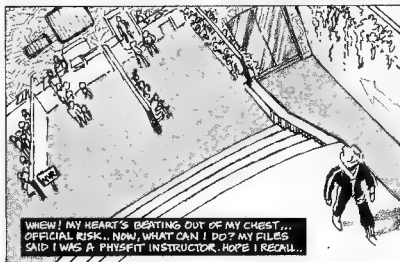
NO, FIFTY. IT'S A SWIVEL FROM THE HIPS! LIKE THIS... A ROLL..



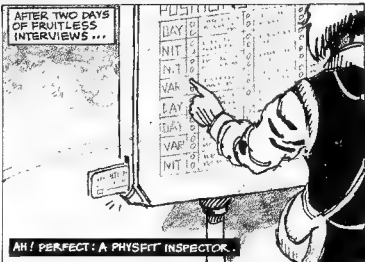
...AND HERE ARE YOUR NEWLY
CODED AUXILIARY PAPERS.



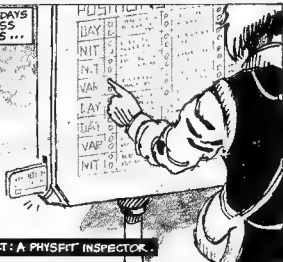
AND YOU KNOW BUREAUCRATS -
I DON'T WANT WHAT
YOU ASK FOR. THEY KNOW
THAT'S BEST! AND YOU GO
LONG OR ELSE. THE CRUISE.



WHUE! MY HEART'S BEATING OUT OF MY CHEST...
OFFICIAL RISK... NOW, WHAT CAN I DO? MY FILES
SAID I WAS A PHYSFIT INSTRUCTOR. HOPE I RECALL...



AFTER TWO DAYS
OF FRUITLESS
INTERVIEWS...

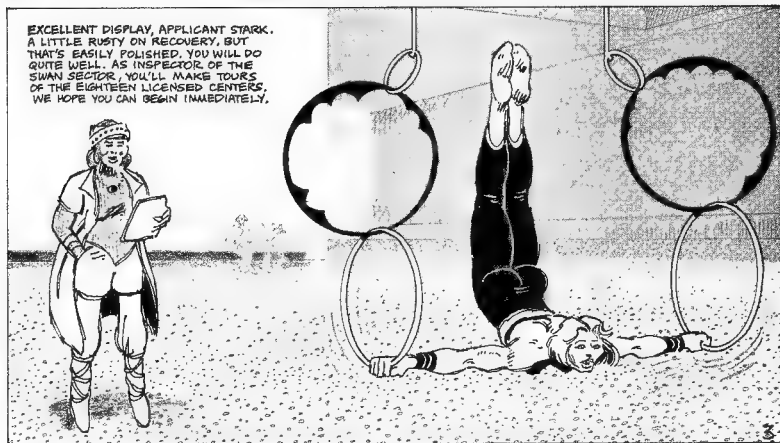


AH! PERFECT: A PHYSFIT INSPECTOR.



AS AN INSPECTOR, I
COULD TRAVEL AROUND,
KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR
SOMEONE WHO KNEW
ME... IMAGES OF A FEW
GYMNASTICS COMING
BACK TO ME... I GUESS
MY BODY RECALLS THE
MOVES BETTER THAN
MY HEAD. YES... TWO
DOUBLE SWINGS... OVER
TO LEFT. MY NATURAL
TENDENCY WAS... TO
OVERPOWER IN SINGLE
UPSWINGS! A VOICE
USED TO REPEAT... SHIT!
IT'S GONE... BLANK.

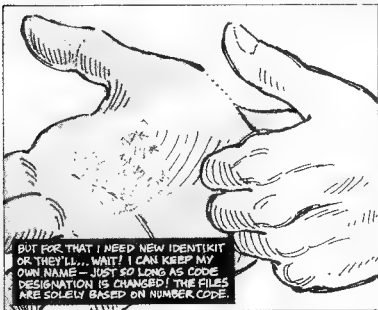
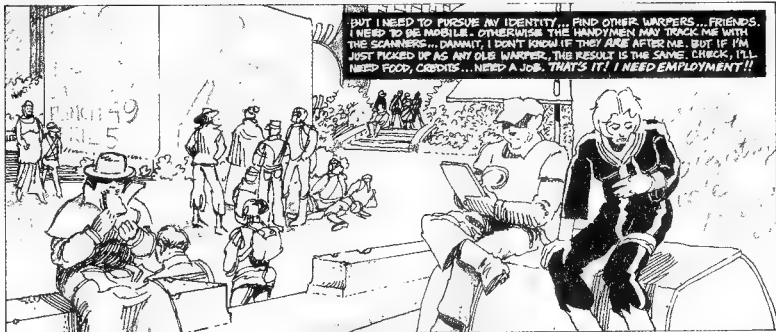
EXCELLENT DISPLAY, APPLICANT STARK.
A LITTLE RUSTY ON RECOVERY, BUT
THAT'S EASILY POLISHED. YOU WILL DO
QUITE WELL. AS INSPECTOR OF THE
SWAN SECTOR, YOU'LL MAKE TOURS
OF THE EIGHTEEN LICENSED CENTERS.
WE HOPE YOU CAN BEGIN IMMEDIATELY.



I CAN'T GO OUTLAW... I CAN ONLY REAMBER DATA IN SPORADIC BURSTS, SO THERE'S NO WAY I LIVE OUTSIDE THE LAW. I'M NOT SURE EXACTLY WHAT THE LAW IS! WELL... I FEEL LIKE A HICCUPPING COMPUTER... SOME THINGS SO CLEAR AND OTHERS... I SUPPOSE IT'S BEST FOR ME TO MOVE BACK INTO SOCIETY. THE BEST PLACE TO HIDE IS IN THE MAINSTREAM HERE.



BUT I NEED TO PURSUE MY IDENTITY... FIND OTHER WARRIORS... FRIENDS. I NEED TO BE MOBILE - OTHERWISE THE HANDYMAN MAY TRACK ME WITH THE SCANNERS... DAMMIT, I DON'T KNOW IF THEY ARE AFTER ME. BUT IF I'M JUST PICKED UP AS ANY OLD WARRIOR, THE RESULT IS THE SAME. CHECK, I'LL NEED FOOD, CREDITS... NEED A JOB. THAT'S IT! I NEED EMPLOYMENT!!



BUT FOR THAT I NEED NEW IDENTIKIT OR THEY'LL... WAIT! I CAN KEEP MY OWN NAME - JUST SO LONG AS CODE DESIGNATION IS CHANGED! THE FILES ARE SOLELY BASED ON NUMBER CODE.



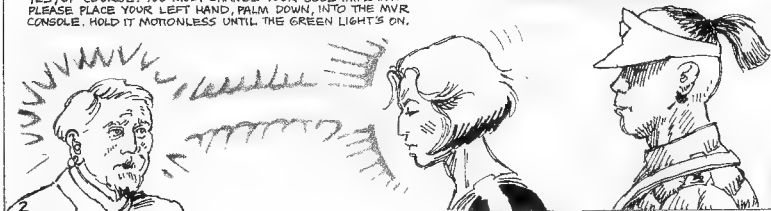
MY KNEES ARE ALL JELLY... IF SCANNERS ARE ON HERE AT THE CENTER... FOCUS...

I LOST MY IDENTIKIT AND NEED A... REPLACEMENT.

FIRST OF ALL, YOU MUST FILL OUT THESE SIX FORMS, THEN WE'LL CONTACT YOU ABOUT COMING DOWN AGAIN TO ANSWER THE UNNNHHH ... THE ... UNNNHHH ...

YES, OF COURSE. YOU MUST CHANGE YOUR CODE IMPLANT. PLEASE PLACE YOUR LEFT HAND, PALM DOWN, INTO THE MVR CONSOLE. HOLD IT MOTIONLESS UNTIL THE GREEN LIGHT'S ON.

I HATE TO USE MY POWER THIS WAY, NOT THE RESTAURANT I WAS TAUGHT - I GUESS. BUT I MUST HAVE A NEW IMPLANT!



IN THIS TECHNOLOGICALLY ADVANCED SOCIETY OF CITYSTATES, ANCIENT PATTERNS OF PERSECUTION AND GENOCIDE HAVE REACHED THE TURNING POINT. THREE MAIN GROUPS LIVE IN HOSTILE BALANCE:

NORMALS: PLEASURE/POWER-ORIENTED PERSONS OF ORDINARY ABILITY WHO HAVE CONTROLLED THIS CITY-STATE FOR GENERATIONS, BASED ON THEIR MONOPOLY OF WATER RESOURCES. DIVIDED INTO A BROAD SPECTRUM OF BEHAVIOR, THEY BICKER ... BUT RULE.

MINDWARPERS: PERSECUTED MINORITIES OF HUMANS WITH A VARIETY OF TELEKINETIC AND TELEPATHIC ABILITIES. ORIGINALLY CONDEMNED AS SCAPEGOATS FOR THE HOLOCAUST, THEY WERE HUNTED DOWN AND KILLED - NOW LIVING IN SECRET ENCLAVES, THEY FACE AUTOMATIC ARREST IF DISCOVERED.

INNERGROS: MEMBERS OF A FANATICAL HUMAN-POTENTIAL MOVEMENT WHO VIE WITH THE NORMALS FOR ELECTIVE POWER AND OPPOSE ANY LIBERALIZATION OF ANTI-WARPER LEGISLATION - BELIEVING THE TRUE WAY TO EXPANDED ABILITIES IS ONLY THROUGH WILL POWER AND TRAINING.

OVER TIME, THE HATRED OF WARPERS HAS MELLOWED AMONG SOME NORMALS AND INNERGROS. INSTEAD OF OVERT EXECUTION AFTER ARREST, MINDWARPERS ARE PUT THROUGH THE CONFORMITY PROCESS, AN EFFECTIVE CURE FOR THE MENTALLY ILL BUT DESTRUCTION TO THE MINDS OF THE WARPERS - A HYPOCRITICAL DEVICE FOR CONTINUED GENOCIDE.

WARPERS ARE CAUGHT BY DETECTING THEIR ABERRANT BRAIN WAVE PATTERNS, A MISSION ASSIGNED TO THE HANDYMEN FORCE WHO USE MIND SCANNERS TO FERRET OUT ANY WARTER ACTIVELY UTILIZING HIS/HER EXTRASENSORY ABILITIES.

THE CENTRAL CORE OF UNITED SECTORS, WITH THE MURDER OF THE COUNCIL'S CO-CHAIR ON THEIR HANDS, SPARED ONE WARTER TO AID IN THE CRIME'S SOLUTION. THIS MINDWARTER - 1128 STARK - SURVIVED THE CONFORMITY PROCESS BUT LOST HER MEMORY. HER ONE SYMPATHIZER, DR. 47 VEGAR, SHARED THE SECTORCORE'S FILES WITH STARK IN HOPES OF CURING HER AMNESIA, BUT STARK MERELY LEARNED THE DATA - NO MEMORIES WERE RECALLED.

BORN OF IGNORANCE AND PAIN - YOUR DAYS ARE OVER! NOW, WITHER AND DIE!

UNABLE TO DISCERN THE FULL RANGE OF HER EXTRASENSORY ABILITIES, SHE NEVERTHELESS FOUND THE KILLER AND HELPED HEAL HIM OF HIS MOTIVATING SELF-HATRED THROUGH A JOURNEY TO HIS INNERMOST SELF.

FREE FROM SECTORCORE BUT STILL TRAPPED... BY MY OWN AMNESIA! I'VE LOST IN IGNORANCE, BUT I WILL REMEMBER... I WILL!!

STARK BEGINS THE SEARCH FOR HER MEMORY AND LIKE ALL JOURNEYS, THE ROUTE WILL LEAD HER TO PLACES UNEXPECTED, STARTLING, UNDREAMT. FOR AS SHE MOVES INTO SOCIETY, HER WORLD IS FACING A WATERSHED, A CRUCIAL PIVOT IN HISTORY. WILL THE CITYSTATE CONTINUE ON ITS PATH OF HATRED AND FEAR, OR SHIFT TO A NEW LEVEL OF UNDERSTANDING AND COOPERATION? THE ELECTION OF THE NEW CO-CHAIR COULD BE THE KEYSTONE FOR POSITIVE CHANGE IN THIS CITYSTATE IN TRANSITION, THIS WORLD OF ...

STARK'S QUEST

TALE TWO:
TOUCHING

©1978 LEE MARRS-

LETTERS

Dear Mr. Friedrich,

Well, I always intended to write some sort of fan letter, and I guess the occasion of the first issue of IMAGINE is as good as any. Of course, the second issue is out now as well, but I'm not complaining.

I find that I always look forward to your magazines (except for PUDGE, when it was coming out, but that's just personal taste), though they are seldom unqualified successes. Though there's always something with some claim to greatness there's also always something of screaming mediocrity. This, I think reflects two things. One is that I get the feeling that the magazines are products of your personal taste and ideas, and your tastes don't always agree with mine (that's all it is, of course). I don't particularly enjoy Lee Harris' work, for example. The other factor is that I feel a strong element of searching, of trying to avoid predictability and complaisance. This produces the wide variety of stories, and the unevenness of quality, but don't change. It distinguishes STAR*REACH, IMAGINE and, while it was around, QUACK from both underground and overground competition. And being a writer I enjoy the fact that story and art are almost always combined in a much more effective manner than the flashy, empty style of HEAVY METAL.

Well, enough of the general, and down to the specific. The most fascinating story in the past few issues has been "The Sacred and the Profane", which combines a powerful, well thought out story with incredible art. I can't wait for the last installment, and hope we'll see more of the work of Steacy and Mutter. And I hope the last issue (#12) of STAR*REACH was no indication of where the book will go. The Zelazny story was great, of course, but the art was pointless because the original was after all larger and in color, and I hope the use of STAR*REACH to sell other books won't continue because that's one of the things that has killed HEAVY METAL. And the color part was very well-produced technically, but didn't seem to have much point outside of pretty pictures. Also like HEAVY METAL, watch out for that. Much more encouraging were the color sections of both issues of IMAGINE. Marshall Rogers is great—beyond my humble words, and the wordless approach worked very well.

Wordless certainly doesn't have to mean storyless. And, of course, Craig Russell is Craig Russell, and who could hope to be more? Other artists I have especially enjoyed are Steve Lealona, especially the Rabbit stories in QUACK, Mike Gilbert, who just gets better and better, and if you're going to copy a comic artist, Will Eisner is the greatest, and The Wraith was a very enjoyable series; and of course

the obvious well-known artists like Chaykin, Brunner and Starlin. I think it's very valuable for STAR*REACH and IMAGINE to combine the old and new artists, allowing the big guns to do things that they can't in other places, and showing the best of the new artists in a loose format that allows them to experiment. Oh, and I have to mention "Skywalker" by Vosburg and Englehart, which was superb. The sequel was disappointing, to say the least, but the original story was one of the best in the history of the magazine. Maybe it was a fluke, because I never got very much out of all those Linda Lovecraft stories either, but it gives one hope.

Well, that seems to say all I really wanted said, so keep up the good work, and best wishes for the future.

John Biazazi
174 Delancey St., #12F
New York, NY 10002

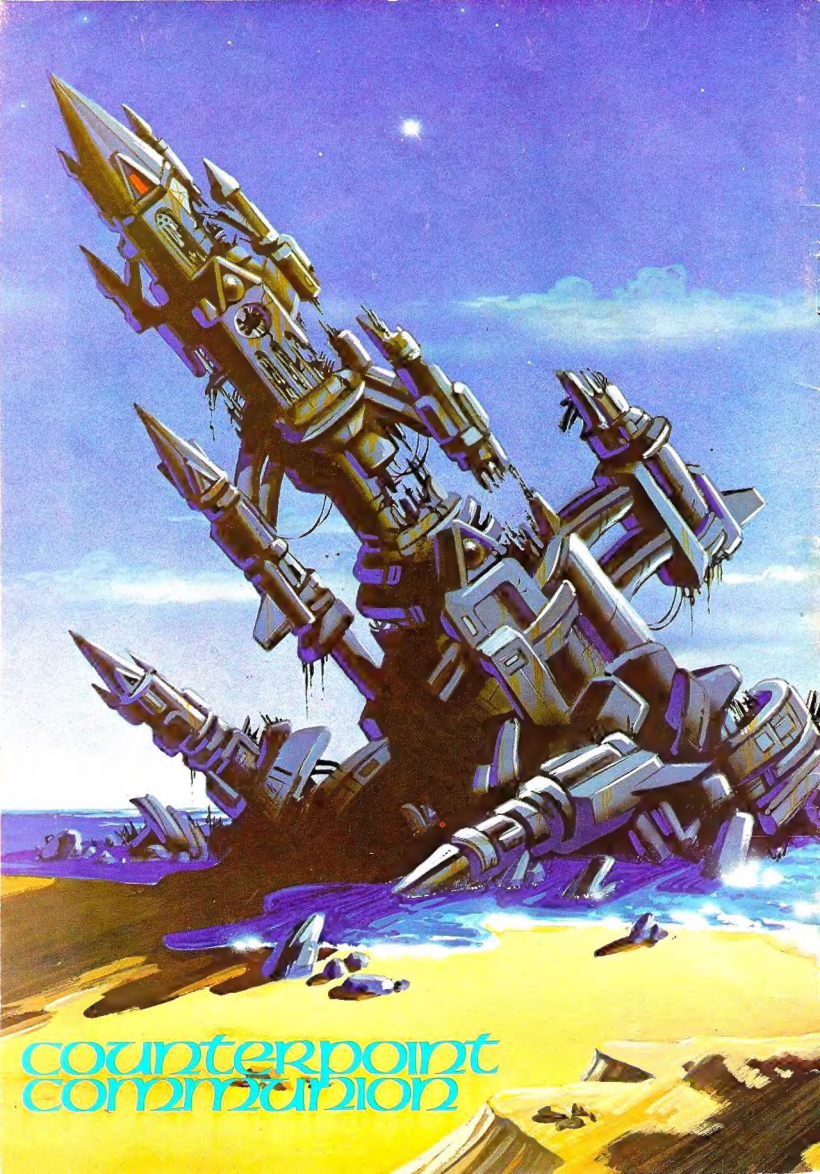
(Thanks for your comments, John. It's to encourage similar responses from other readers that I'm printing it here. We get too little intelligent feedback. Your letters count, folks, so send them. MF)

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